The
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## *Alas, Poor Island*

AN ISLAND, geography books tell us, is a land area surrounded entirely by water. And no man, Messrs. John Donne and Ernest Hemingway remind us, is an island to himself. Nor, alas, can any nation be, especially when the area in question is surrounded not by water but by land thickly populated by persons of the same race and religion as the islanders. Such is Hyderabad, with 82,313 square miles, and a population of around seventeen million, of whom more than three-fourths are Hindus. Its Moslem rulers, since the earliest days of the East India Company, have thrown in their lot with the British; in the Indian Mutiny of 1857, it was the Nizam's loyalty that saved for Britain what was to become the brightest jewel of her Empire. Now, alas for His Exalted Highness, the British are gone, and the world's richest man, buttressed by Kazim Razvi and his Moslem Volunteer Corps, is face to face with the Indian Army, led by a superb soldier, British educated and trained, Lieutenant-General Maharaj Shri Rajendrasinhji. And he is also—or will be—face to face with the vast majority of his own people. During the British occupation, the Nizam would not allow Indian agitators to disseminate their dangerous thoughts; Mr. Gandhi was not a welcome visitor at Secunderabad, nor Mr. Nehru a frequent dinner-guest at the Nizam's palace.

India, under the original agreement made between the Indian Union and Hyderabad, withdrew her troops from Secunderabad, leaving to Hyderabad the care for its own internal order. India, however, now claims the barracks still are hers, and states that she now is merely returning her troops to occupy them until internal order is restored, and the seizure of power by the Razakars has been corrected. Hyderabad has appealed to the UN. India is responsible for Hyderabad's external security, but the Hyderabad government declare that they have not been sent the arms promised for the police and for the palace guard, who have not even had practice rounds for target drill, whilst the police have no ammunition for their revolvers. This is the only reason for Kazim Razvi, declare the Hyderabadi spokesmen.

It is fairly certain that, were a plebiscite to be held, more than two-thirds of the population would vote to accede to the Indian Union. The pity of the situation is that India could not have devised some face-saving formula by which the Nizam, when accepting Indian military protection, should have gracefully at the same time been obliged to accept the status quo.

The British, whatever their shortcomings, were certainly better diplomats than their successors are showing themselves to be. They made the princes feel good—too good, perhaps, since His Exalted Highness still nourishes the illusion that he was and is and can be, independent. But they also made the 92 million Indian Moslems feel as Indian as the 300,000,000 Hindus. The government of India's first job is to persuade every Indian, wherever he lives, that he is an Indian, and that his religious affiliations have nothing to do with his nationality. Thirty-five million Moslems today are peacefully living in India; the four million Moslems now living under the Nizam should not find their adjustment to the Indian Union harder than their co-religionists have found it.

But there is also Pakistan, economically bankrupt and non-viable, mourning its dead leader, and, so to speak, an Arab in Israel's clothing, since the similarities between the situation of the two new states contradict the ideological disparities. There are two grave possibilities in the Hyderabad story: that the quarrel should involve both India and Pakistan, and—or—that the quarrel should involve the whole Arab world. If there is such a thing.



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*Television and Slum Clearance*

THERE is something tangible about a city slum. Its physical impact is so pronounced that it appears to be one source of human ills that can be attacked directly. Dilapidated dwellings can be flattened and replaced. Slum clearance on a comparatively modest scale has been one of the solid reforms initiated with federal funds under the New Deal. In a number of larger American cities some of the tenement districts once most unfit for habitation have been quite transformed—if into trim economic ghettoes.

One of the greatest perplexities in this man-sized endeavor has been to make certain that the low-income families for whom these imposing piles of brick and mortar were intended would actually reside in them. As building costs mounted it became necessary, even with subsidies from government, to charge higher rents than were originally contemplated. Certain American public housing experts have even come to believe that it is impossible to do away with slums by this means: as soon as one slum district has been reclaimed by new housing, another slum has been created or made more heinous by an influx of those slum-displaced families who could not afford the rents in the new structures.

But there are further difficulties. At the meeting of the Middle Atlantic section of the National Association of Housing Officials last week the question was seriously raised whether a family occupying a publicly-subsidized, low-rent dwelling unit "should be permitted" to install a television set. Thus far in Buffalo, such tenants are actually banned from having video.

On the one hand it is important to be sure that the limited number of these low-rent apartments that are available are occupied by families which actually need them. Setting a maximum income for tenants is the chief device. But it is not always easy—witness two big-time bookmakers living in such a project which the indictment of a New Jersey police court judge recently turned up. And in the face of the national housing shortage there must be a number of difficult individual situations where a raise in wages automatically would mean dispossession. A case can be made, however, for strict enforcement of the income maximum if that is revised periodically.

But television sets, new cars and the like do raise doubts as to the accuracy of a family's income report; they will incite even greater doubts from now on because of the latest restrictions on instalment buying. Even then, how can American housing officials presume to interfere so intolerably with private lives as to tell people whether or not they may own a radio, and if so what kind. One of the participants at the housing officials' conference told a touching story about some tenants in Newark who had sold the family car for $350 and bought a television outfit that would entertain the whole family for $349. That made it all all right. The bread of "charity" is often singularly bitter.

*Ghosts in the UN*

WHEN we heard this week that the UN has decided to add a consultant psychiatrist to its staff, a long-bubbling suspicion of ours bobbed right up out of the nether regions of the suppressed and into broad daylight. For it has always seemed to us that a delegate, harassed by a stormy session in the middle of the world's dark seas, needed something more bracing than a couple of gin fizzes at the UN bar to put him back on his feet. And now it is heartening to find that some further help has been sighted and that Dr. Carl F. Sulzberger, newly appointed psychiatric consultant to the staff of the UN, has taken a healthy attitude toward his assignment.

When he says that "psychiatry can make recommendations but it should not profess to have the knowledge to try to predict the right course in international affairs, which is not its function," he is manifestly talking sense.

But what caught our attention most of all was Dr. Sulzberger's analysis of one mental disturbance bothering the diplomats. This, he tells us, is "emotional xenophobia, a fear and distrust of the unknown, the foreign." For a long time now, reading our psychology as religiously as the next man, we've been doing some psycho-snooping on the international level, and Dr. Sulzberger will no doubt be delighted to learn that our findings bear him out exactly on this point. One thing about fear that interests us is the fact that men have a tendency not to face what they fear: psychiatrists spend a good deal of their time uncovering those shadows of the "unknown" which men have dodged or only partly looked at. Bringing all this back into the focus of UN affairs, we can't forget the days, early in its young life, when the big worries for all concerned were the atom bomb and the control of atomic energy for peaceful ends. For a while the men of the world council wrestled with these matters and then shoved them all away some place, back into a dark filing cabinet, where they lurk still, unsolved, tantalizing, whispered about, and pretty thoroughly suppressed. We have wondered from time to time if some of those censored fears, like ghosts, might have found UN cloak rooms convenient hiding places from conscious thought. In the meantime we have other worries: spy investigations, flying food to Berlin, electing a President. But all the time we can't be fooling anyone anywhere: so far, we are afraid to look the bomb full in the face; we have only sparred around and done a little shadow boxing.

True, the matter is much more than a psychia-

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trist's responsibility and we would not want to put it up to Dr. Sulzberger alone to find the answer. But *someone* must find it before the gin runs out and before the world is exhausted running away from itself.

### *The Line Between Friend and Enemy*

EAST of the Iron Curtain, state power supports the Soviet Union and threatens the United States and the West with war, revolution, and communism. On a map, and in actual politics more pertinently, the line is clear. Over there, the governments are our enemies; the public institutions and the complex relationships of the economy and society are organized in antagonism to western lives and ways of life. The dark line is ominous with real meaning—the cold opposite number of flaming lines that have separted colors in maps of many wars.

Recognizing this material, geographic division, it is not sentimental to insist, at the same time, that the line between friend and enemy is not only geographic. The effort to trace the divide between communist totalitarianism and the untitled régime of the West, in acts and ideas and in hearts and minds which are not geographic, is a moral duty and a political necessity. One systematic study for the definition of communism in action and for illustration of the difference between the area of communist control and the people subject to the Soviets is carried on by *The Baltic Review* of Stockholm. In this country they distribute *Newsletter from Behind the Iron Curtain*. Week by week this excellent news service accumulates evidence of the tragic cleavage between the Soviet communist governors and the welfare and will of the dominated people of the Russian zone. If more, and more influential, Americans studied the material presented by this service, our international policy would be clearer and stronger, and our opposition to "Russia" more rational, and so also, our subversives and fellow-travelers would decrease at home, while the public attitude toward them would be more understanding and convincing.

At the end of August, not for the first time, the Washington newsletter, *Human Events*, dealt intelligently with confusion between the Soviet régime and the persons it governs. An unfortunate sentence of Justice Douglas formed the thesis:

> It is, of course, the right of the Russian people to have such form of government as they may choose. We, the democrats, will be the first to defend that right. When confined within their borders, their totalitarian régime is their concern, not ours.

The educated anti-communist, Eugene Lyons proceeds to write what he means:

> While the speech as a whole was sound and inspiring, this particular passage, it seems to me, reflects the present confused estate of both liberalism and Americanism. As a formulation of the American attitude in the critical area of Soviet-American relations it is narrow, callous, illiberal and, worst of all, calculated to rally the long-suffering Russian people around a régime they hate.
>
> Mr. Douglas' statement makes the amazing assumption that a totalitarian setup represents the free choice of its subjects, and in particular that the Russian people have "chosen" their current form of government. Secondly, and more important, in the name of "democracy" it enters a cold-blooded disclaimer of "concern" for oppression and horror in another country. . . .
>
> The sad fact, of thirty years' duration, is that the Russian people have been consistently denied the moral backing and humane sympathy of the non-Soviet world. So-called liberal opinion has been sensitive to the fate of democracy in China or Argentina—but not in Soviet Russia. Slavery in Ethiopia and political persecutions in Spain have been the object of liberal-democratic protests and solicitude—but not forced labor and millionfold political prisoners in the sacred Soviet area.
>
> The Russian people have in effect been excluded from the human race, written off as expendables in a Great Experiment. This degenerate attitude persists even among high-minded men who know that the experiment failed long ago. . . .
>
> We must be clear in our minds that the Kremlin and its terrorized subjects are distinct entities. We must find ways and means to convey our sense of this dualism to the beleaguered Russians. Every time we fail to differentiate clearly between the dictatorship and its victims we are playing into Stalin's hands. . . .
>
> The nature of the Soviet régime, the discontents and the yearnings for a freer life inside Russia, the hungers for Western friendship and ideas now being purged by the police-State—these are very much our concern. Both as a matter of morals and as a matter of policy we must begin to intervene boldly and without ambiguity on the side of the Russian people.

"Intervening boldly" is no clear and easy public or private task. We know what an impossible mess was made of the intention to oppose nazism while befriending the subjects of the nazi state and party. Lessons must be sought in the disastrous German experience. It is evident, also, that total war is a blunt tool to use for separating the alien enemy from the alien friend. It is disturbingly parallel to the most dangerous duty of hating sin and loving sinners. Very possibly the only way to do it purely is through the force of an unpossessed and unlooked-for heroic personal courage; with men over all the world and under every government able to repeat, "And I spoke of thy testimonies before kings: and I was not ashamed." Meanwhile, perhaps examination of the problem of fighting the Soviet communist power machine, while fighting for all its victims, can be carried over more weeks in conscientious magazines.

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# *Boom and Depression*

*Barbara Ward**

THE United States in 1946 and 1947 was without peer in the world and its economic strength was unique in the entire history of mankind. No community had ever accumulated such wealth. No people had ever enjoyed such a standard of living. . . . Yet any visitor to America in the last year must have remarked the fact that the Americans themselves seemed less impressed by their wealth than worried by the fear of losing it. . . .

The record of instability in the American economy is unmistakable. At roughly ten-year intervals, production has slackened, unemployment has increased, prices have fallen, and after a period of stagnation, sometimes brief, sometimes rather longer, the economy has drawn breath and begun again the spiral of recovery. On two occasions in the past the most violent slumps have occurred after the equally violent maladjustments of war—in 1866 and 1867, after the Civil War; in 1920 and 1921, after the first World War. But the most prolonged depression to strike the United States began in 1929, and after two or three years in the trough, the economy had managed ten years later to regain only the level prevailing before the slump. This depression did more than retard the growth of American wealth. It delivered a desperate blow at the basis of business confidence and psychology in the United States. For some time it destroyed all trace of public confidence in bankers, businessmen and the Republican Party. And in the business world itself, it created a nervousness about the possibility of recession, a tendency to feel the economy's pulse which has been particularly marked since the war. The nervousness is enhanced by the fact that few people are agreed on the causes of the catastrophic phenomenon and even fewer on what should be done to counter it. It is as though the business world were swimmers condemned to bathe in seas known to produce vast tidal waves without any sort of warning. . . .

The first difficulty in analyzing the conditions of the 1929 slump is the part played by "business confidence." Was it simply a sudden scare among investors great and small that toppled over the tremendous edifice of wealth built up during the boom? If so, may not the extreme consciousness of the risk of a depression which is observable in America today have the same effect? No dogmatic conclusions are offered throughout this chapter, but the evidence suggests that the slump of 1929 was preceded by solid economic phenomena—such as a fall in industrial productivity and a decrease in consumption—which would have led in time to a recession whatever Wall Street had done or not done meanwhile. The fantastic speculative boom of '28 and '29 (an index of its scale may be useful: between 1925 and 1929 the number of shares listed rose from over 433 million to over 4,757 million, and in the first nine months of 1929, 300 million more were added), merely made the crash more terrifying, sudden and precipitous and probably involved a deeper plunge simply because prosperity had climbed so high and lost contact to such an extent with its foundations in real earnings. It is therefore to the deeper causes of economic disturbance that one must look for an explanation, and three at least bear a heavy share of the responsibility.

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The first is that in a completely unregulated capitalist system the demand for producers' goods —for machines, factories, installations, for all the means which go to produce consumers' goods— is necessarily cyclical. Equipment does not wear out at once. A factory, once installed, works for a time without replacement. And since the extensions of plant and machinery are dictated by the confidence of thousands of unconnected *entrepreneurs,* their investments will tend to increase all at the same time when business prospects seem good and fall off at the same time when a decline sets in. Their psychology therefore hastens the boom and increases the slump. So incidentally do the traditional methods of governmental finance. When times are good and industry is buoyant the government has less need for revenue to meet unemployment and other charges and can count on a high income from both direct and indirect taxation. The instinct is therefore to lower taxation and thus increase the upward trend of business. When a depression begins, revenue falls off as consumption falls and incomes dwindle. The need is therefore for more revenue and increased taxation. Thus the state helps to press the economy farther in its downward path. . . .

The second danger signal to appear in 1927 was a fall in consumption. One of the general explanations for the instability in capitalist society has long been the failure of the system to distribute sufficient purchasing power to consume the goods which in prosperous times are poured

* This article is an excerpt from Barbara Ward's new book, "The West At Bay," published this month by W. W. Norton.



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out in ever-increasing quantities. For one reason or another, the buying power of the millions lags more and more behind the producing power of the machines. Stocks pile up. Production slackens. Men become redundant and are dismissed and with the loss of their purchasing power consumption falls again. . . .

This failure to create a purchasing power corresponding to the machines' new capacity to produce was one of the deep causes of the decline in the American economy which began to show itself in 1927. It also affected the final snowballing of the crisis. When the warning signals of an exhausted market began to appear, the huge profits earned by business were not used either to increase wages, reduce prices or undertake new capital development—all policies which might have helped to arrest the decline. On the contrary, some part of the reserves held by industry were thrown into the speculators' saturnalia on Wall Street and helped the last steep ascent of the market before its spectacular collapse.

This fact throws light on a third cause of depressions—the tendency of heavy industry to organize itself on an increasingly monopolistic basis and thus court the temptation of selling fewer goods at a high scarcity profit instead of expanding output and recovering profits by large sales of cheap products. This element of rigidity can be overestimated. We have seen the extent to which industrial production expanded in America in the twenties. "Monopolists" who achieved the virtual doubling of the American economy in a few years can hardly be called timid. Yet it is true that after 1927 expansion slackened and profits, instead of being ploughed back into capital development, were ploughed under in Wall Street.

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A more striking illustration of the failings in business planning can be seen in the fact that all the thirties could achieve was a return to the production of 1929. Yet by 1944 another doubling of the American economy had taken place. It is generally admitted that the chief agent in this phenomenal advance was the huge investment of the government in war plants and their ancillaries, in other words, a vast capital expansion. When this expansion had taken place, it was discovered that America had sufficient economic strength to devote nearly 50 per cent of its resources to the war effort and, with the remaining production, achieve some surprising increases in the civilian standards of its people. What was more natural than to ask what heights of prosperity might not have been scaled had the whole 100 per cent been devoted to the civilian sector? And what more obvious than to ask whether an economy which proved to have such a tremendous slack of manpower and materials to be taken in in 1939 was being given the degree of capital expansion by its businessmen that it could really afford? All the plans for capital development of all the big companies put together would hardly have doubled the economy in so short a time. Could it be that a completely unregulated system was beginning to be incapable of expanding production to the real economic limit of the country's capacity?

Such questions would have seemed heresy in 1929. If business itself could not produce the necessary capital expansion, there was only one other agency capable of doing so—the government. But in 1929 the government was a businessman's government. In the first place, it faced the future with the blandest confidence. In the second place, even if it had had forebodings, it would have been horrified at the thought of actively intervening in industrial policy. It was the Depression growing deeper as the thirties opened that changed the philosophy of America and prepared for its acceptance, under President Roosevelt's New Deal, of the thesis that government can be used as a purposeful instrument of economic stability and social progress.

This, then, was the background to the 1929 slump—wild speculation on Wall Street fed in part by the undistributed profits of business, a marked falling off of production in the capital goods sector spreading to other sections, a decline in purchasing power and in employment, and a government committed by temperament and philosophy to non-intervention.

Is the position in the United States comparable today? It is impossible to make absolute predictions. When, in February, 1948, a sudden break occurred in grain prices, American comment seemed to be almost exactly divided between those who thought it was and those who thought it was not the signal for a recession. Prophets would in any case be warned by the unfortunates who in 1929 attempted over and over again to make categorical forecasts of returning stability. The difficulty is that even if all the factors are different from those of 1929, it does not follow that there will be no decline. In an economy of 145 million people, guided by the choices of thousands of different business executives and conditioned by the reactions of millions of farmers and workers, the factors pressing on production, on consumption, on contraction and expansion are so various that the chain reaction of the trade cycle may be set off in a thousand different places and for as many different causes. Yet having said all this, it is possible to say, very cautiously, that the major factors which have seemed to produce major depressions in the past were not very much in evidence in the American economy in the early spring of 1948.

In the peace following World War I, war itself had acted as an economic planner on a major scale. As we have seen, it had doubled capacity

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and given the country an unparalleled capital expansion. During the war, much of the new product was blown up or burned down or sunk. As soon as war ended the question of replacing civilian needs, restoring peacetime industry, taking up delayed plans of modernization were sufficient to fill the order books of heavy industry for years ahead. At the time of writing, there is no sign of any exhaustion of this demand. On the contrary, the industrialists who were called in to prepare the material for the European Recovery Program (ERP) on the Harriman Committee reported almost without exception in the autumn of 1947 that the pressure of domestic demand was so great that surpluses for export abroad on the scale demanded could be provided only if there were some rationing of the home market.

The war also expanded in a sensational way the purchasing power of the people. As we have seen, before the war 90 per cent of the liquid wealth was in the hands of 10 per cent of the families. Today the percentage has fallen to about 60 per cent. Wage increases have been won in almost every industry—average earnings were nearly doubled between 1940 and 1946—and inflation has not robbed the increase of all its value. Two branches of the economy which were chronically depressed before the war, the miners and the farm workers, have secured a remarkable rise in their standard of living. But perhaps the most startling increase in purchasing power has occurred among the farmers. Farm prices which were almost invariably below all other prices throughout the twenties and thirties and reached their nadir in 1932 (falling to 40 per cent of the 1929 level), have increased since 1942 out of all proportion to any other prices. Between 1942 and 1947, the price of wheat rose from a dollar a bushel to 2.5 dollars. In the autumn of 1947, when drought seemed to threaten a poor harvest in 1948, and it was clear that the whole world was clamoring for grain, prices rose again even more sharply to reach the record figure of over 3 dollars a bushel (in the trough of the Depression the average was about 70 cents). These prices, coupled with a great increase in output and a marked increase in mechanization, flooded the farming community with a prosperity it had not known before.

The war also modified the tendency of the more organized and cartelized sections of industry to check expansion. As we have seen, the expansion of capital to make possible America's war effort heaved the whole American community up into a new high level of production and exchange. It is true that there have been some signs of timidity in the last two years. New industrialists, such as Mr. Henry Kaiser, who are attempting to break into the sacred ring of steel, motor manufacture, and Wall Street finance, complain that every obstacle is put in their way. The hearings before the Harriman Committee led to a violent disagreement between the industrial and non-industrial members, the former asserting that a further expansion of steel production was physically impossible, the latter that at least 3 million tons more a year could be produced to meet the urgent needs of both Europe and the domestic market. It may well have been this struggle that led the powerful leader of the United Automobile Workers, Mr. Walter Reuther, early in 1948 to denounce the steel industry for practicing monopolistic restriction in the interests of maintaining scarcity prices. Even so, the disagreement must seem a little fantastic to European ears. Which is the decisive figure? The 3 million extra tons that could be produced or the 76 million tons of ingots and castings that in fact flow from the mills? It may be that left to themselves the business leaders in the steel industry would fail to expand and might even contract their business. The fact remains that for the time being, the production not only of steel but of every other basic commodity is so fantastically large that it is difficult to list failure of expansion as a probable cause of recession.

Other economic differences could be noted—for instance, the almost complete absence of a Wall Street boom. On the contrary, industrial stocks are listed, on the whole, below their actual earning value. But it can be argued that the biggest contrast between 1929 and 1948 lies not in the economic but in the political sphere. The old bland confidence has vanished. Most Americans believe strongly in the free enterprise system but few of them are confident that it has found any solution for the recurring crises of depression and unemployment. In fact, since the war, the business world has tended to sit with its hand on its own pulse, watching anxiously for any sign of rising fever. Whereas in 1929 and 1930, statesmen, business leaders and experts of all kinds kept repeating that prosperity was just round the corner, the mood in 1946 and 1947 was the exact opposite. Every wobble in the price line, every tendency of prices to break was immediately greeted with openly expressed fears of an immediate recession.

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The other political revolution is the changed American concept of what government may and may not do. Since the war, there has been, it is true, a great revolt against government controls most of which, including price control, were flung aside in 1945. In 1946, the electors gave the Republicans, the anti-control party, a majority at the polls for the first time since 1928. But the Republicans of 1946 would have seemed reckless Socialists to the men who in 1929 held the old dogmatic belief in complete government non-intervention. In particular, the government's overriding responsibility to take measures to

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check depressions and to ensure full employment has been written into the Statute Book. It can perhaps be said with a measure of confidence that if a slump started, the pressures on the government to do something to check it would be not only bigger but quite different in kind from those operating in 1929 and 1930. To give only one example, many Americans have accepted the Keynesian thesis that the planned contraction and expansion of capital investment is the best way of securing stable development in an economy; and they can argue that America's wartime experience has borne out the theory, for what is an armament program but a program of public works on an unbelievably ambitious scale? And what in a sense is the decision to devote $17 billion to European recovery but another form of controlled capital expansion?

This summary of the chief differences between 1929 and 1948 can perhaps answer one question. If depression comes in the next year or two, it will not have precisely the same immediate causes as those of 1929, nor is it likely to follow the same course or to occur on the same shattering scale. But it is not possible to answer with any certainty the two much more searching questions: Is a depression already on its way? If not, is America feeling its way towards the permanent elimination of the trade cycle?

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In 1948 the chief immediate reasons for believing in an early depression were, first of all, that wars have in the past been followed by depressions; secondly, that the post-war inflation has rocketed to such a height that the people's power to buy cannot keep pace with the steadily rising cost of merchandise; thirdly, that, as a result of the price-wage spiral, costs of production have been getting out of hand and discouraging new investment; fourthly, stocks and inventories are higher than they have been; fifthly, taxation is heavy and this, too, discourages further expansion. When, therefore, in February, 1948, the commodity markets, in which during the winter there had been considerable speculation, broke sharply and wheat fell 70 cents in a few days, the immediate reaction was to announce the depression. Second thoughts, however, reminded the public that in 1946 and 1947, there had been similar oscillations in the price line. Indeed, the 1947 fall had been sharper. There was, too, a reasonable localized explanation for the sag in wheat. The 1948 harvest was after all promising to be a good crop and the expectation of shortage, upon which the fantastic autumn increase had been based, vanished with the good news from Iowa and Kansas. It was therefore possible to maintain that the 70-cent fall—which left the price of wheat still above the already inflated levels of 1947—represented no more than a squeezing out of excessive inflation. In spite of all the tremors and uncertainties, the depression still seemed to be holding off. Meanwhile, the slight fall in price was of some assistance to the European Recovery Program. It meant that the dollars voted would procure more grain. It also meant that some farmers began for the first time to cock a watchful eye at their European markets and to wonder whether after all government buying of grain and meat might not prove a valuable bolster to farm incomes.

But if a certain tentative optimism is permissible for the immediate prospect, the further outlook is by no means so promising. Perhaps the greatest question mark hanging over European recovery is, paradoxically, America's chance of avoiding a major depression. It is difficult to believe that with a serious fall in American production and employment, the Republicans—or the Democrats either for that matter—would be able to resist the traditional policy of retrenchment on government expenditure, and popular feeling would need considerable education to accept the proposal that free gifts should be given to the Ruhr and not to Pittsburgh. In the past, depressions have always given the signal for an American withdrawal upon itself almost automatic enough to appear a reflex action. It would need leadership even more inspired than that of Mr. Roosevelt to persuade the Americans that "international pump priming" was the road to recovery. And even if the idea of pump priming were accepted (and as we have seen, there is at least a chance that it would be) the overwhelming demand would be to see the domestic pump primed first.

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Apart from the financing of recovery, the problem of the physical availability of supplies would also arise in an urgent form. Between 1929 and 1932, steel production fell from 56 million tons to just over 13 million. Wheat and cotton were ploughed in, hogs destroyed, millions of acres withdrawn from cultivation. Perhaps the world has escaped from that degree of insanity. In particular, the pressure of Communism which would increase fiftyfold in a period of depression might keep America off the disastrous road of total domestic deflation and drastic withdrawal from the international scene. But the fact must be faced that all past experience suggests a strengthening in the United States of the tendencies to withdrawal and isolation when times are bad.

And will they be bad? The difficulty in believing that America can avoid a depression in the long run lies in the fact that none of the basic maladjustments in capitalist industrial society has yet been overcome in the United States (or, indeed, in any other free community). The two

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chief corrections introduced by the war—a vast expansion of industrial capacity and a better distribution of purchasing power—are not necessarily permanent, and neither the political parties nor any influential economic group are committed to seeing that the old maladjustments do not reappear. The concept of "planning" is unpopular, and the conduct of Russia and of the East European governments since the war has made it more so. Few people are prepared to consider whether a "high and stable level of capital investment" can be secured without grave modifications of the free enterprise system. Government intervention may not be as anathema as it was ten years ago and, if trouble started, something would be done. The point here is that no policy has been thought out in advance to prevent the trouble starting and heaven knows whether a European recovery program might not slip out in the gap between the onslaught of a crisis and the government's first moves to bring it under control. Logically, this should not be so, for a European recovery program is precisely one of those creative plans for maintaining high economic activity which are the best safeguards against severe depression. But would logic be strong enough—with government or with public opinion—to secure a hearing?

This, clearly, is the great hope to which the Russians cling. If a capitalist community such as the United States could in the next ten years increase its own prosperity and draw up Europe in its wake, the political consequences would be incalculable. So far, however, there is no reason for the Kremlin to doubt the accuracy of its Marxist predictions. The United States has not yet had its slump—that is true; equally, it has given little enough proof so far that it knows how to avoid one.

## *Brick Courtyard*

I have taken nothing from the rain;
Nothing,
No gain at all,
All day long it has beat upon my courtyard
Counting each brick with a tattoo call.

In my neighbor's earthen courtyard
It has washed the larkspur's dress.
It has dug a well for sparrows.
It has wakened seeds at rest.

But all day long it has beat upon my courtyard,
Counting each brick with a tattoo call.
I have taken nothing from the rain;
No gain at all.

ALBERTA QUINN.

# Progressive Higher Education

VIVIAN MERCIER

MARK TWAIN wrote what is to my mind the best book on "progressive education," though I doubt if he had ever heard the term used when he wrote it. The book I mean, of course, is "Life on the Mississippi"—at any rate, those chapters of it describing his training as a river pilot. That training was all the higher education he ever got, but it was enough.

What is progressive education? Essentially it is education built around the needs and interests —a favorite phrase—of the individual. That is a very loose definition; I think if we concentrate on the case of Mark Twain for a moment we can find a better and a stricter one. His education provided all the essentials: a teacher willing to teach, a pupil eager to learn, and a subject-matter that was at once difficult, fascinating, and intrinsically worth mastering.

One of the fundamental tenets of progressive educators is that there are all sorts of ways of obtaining an education; the act of mastering any one of many disciplines other than the traditional classics, mathematics, natural science or philosophy can make one an educated person. The student at a progressive college is permitted to build his or her education around, for example, performance in music, drama or the dance, creative work in poetry or fiction, musical composition, or any of the plastic arts, field work in anthropology or sociology, besides history, literature, politics and the traditional subject-matters listed above.

Is this a good thing? Within limits, I think it is. To see what those limits are, let us get back to Mark Twain. His subject-matter, learning how to pilot a steamboat along the ever-changing Mississippi, was in itself fascinating. There could never be any question of the pupil's losing interest, even under the instruction of a lesser teacher than Horace Bixby. Again, it was difficult; how difficult, you can find out by reading or re-reading chapters 8, 9 and 10 of "Life on the Mississippi." The difficulty is an important point; mastering the technique of acting or playing the violin or writing verse is intensely difficult; a lifetime is hardly enough if it is to be done properly. I would even go so far as to say that no subject-matter requiring less than a lifetime for its mastery is capable of providing a true education. Finally, river piloting was, perhaps by virtue of its very difficulty and complexity and its constant offering of new problems to be solved, something intrinsically worth mastering.

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The word "intrinsically" is fundamental; it partly explains why one cannot acquire an education through taking courses in stenography or typing, filing or the use of business machines. These things are simply means to an end; an education can only be gained by studying something that is an end in itself. In becoming a good doctor, a good priest, a good engineer, a good river pilot, even a good lawyer, one can hardly fail also to become an educated man, because these professions are intrinsically worthy ones. A business career, too, is worthwhile, if it is regarded as an end in itself and not merely as a means of piling up money. Therefore, an education for business *can* be a real education, though it usually is not.

River piloting had one great advantage as the basis of an education which some of the disciplines mentioned do not share; it provided a ready standard for measuring proficiency. Mark Twain might think of himself as an accomplished river pilot, but that would not do him any good if he ran his steamboat aground. That is why progressive education, if theory is pursued to its logical conclusion in practice, becomes so much more exacting than any other type of education; no standards of achievement other than professional ones can be applied. On this point, sooner or later, all progressive colleges are forced to compromise, if they wish to graduate more than one or two students each year. They must award degrees to students who have come as near a professional standard of performance or creativity *as they are capable of coming.* The interpretation of the phrase in italics is of course immensely difficult. No method of assessing a student's potentialities in any artistic field has yet been arrived at—or ever will be arrived at, in my opinion. Hence a number of triflers, dilettanti, amateurs in the arts, is graduated from the progressive colleges every year. Fortunately, a great many others are flunked. At Bennington, for example, somewhere between half and two-thirds of each freshman class never obtain a degree.

★

Progressive colleges usually do not hold examinations or award grades; that does not mean that the student's work is not vigilantly supervised and assessed. On the contrary, teachers have to be much more vigilant in this respect than they are in conventional colleges. A brilliant but lazy student who would get by with a gentlemanly *B* or *C* average at a conventional college should, and very probably would, be flunked at a progressive college for not doing the best of which he was capable.

Of necessity, teachers at a progressive college become amateur psychologists—or even psychiatrists—whether they fancy themselves in the rôle or not. There is no other way of assessing whether Suzie Q——— is doing the best work possible at her present stage of moral and intellectual development. Many teachers eventually tire of this psychological relativism and either secretly award grades or quit.

The students themselves, as my short experience at Bennington made me realize, are often upset and sometimes demoralized by the lack of an "objective" standard of measurement. Of course every teacher knows that in most subjects any grade awarded is ultimately the result of a subjective judgment; but at least under the old-fashioned system Suzie, if she gets a *B,* feels she is doing "better" than Josie who only got a *C.* Whereas at a progressive college Suzie may read Josie's paper, compare it with her own, realize her own is better, and yet not be sure that Josie may not ultimately get a degree when Suzie herself has flunked. I don't know whether girls weep over bad grades at more conventional colleges, but I do know that they sometimes weep over discouraging course reports at Bennington.

★

Bennington—and I think all progressive colleges are the same—has an all-in counseling or tutorial system. Almost every instructor has ten or a dozen girls under his especial care, each of whom he sees alone for an hour's conference every week. Usually these conferences center round some specific problem that has to do with the girl's work; she is often carrying out a definite course of study under the instructor's supervision. Nevertheless, he is expected to keep a fatherly eye on her whole development. Sometimes a "counselor" is tempted to take this part of his duties altogether too seriously, to the point of becoming meddlesome. In any case, he cannot fail to pick up a great deal of intimate knowledge about most of his charges, all of which appears relevant when the progress of one of them is being discussed by a faculty committee. The poor man feels bound to mention this or that; afterwards he does not know whether to regard himself as a judge or a paid spy, or something between the two.

This kind of watchfulness is inevitable in any small educational institution which takes its duties seriously. Mary Colum's account of her convent education in "Life and the Dream" reminds one strangely of life in a progressive girls' college. The instructors, like the nuns, keep a constant watch on each girl's progress. There is the same emphasis on examination of conscience. The individual is being constantly urged to assess her own development. When all else fails, she is advised to go to her Confessor—the equivalent at a progressive college being the trained psychiatrist who forms an integral part of the faculty.

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Such a system puts a tremendous strain on the individual student. Moreover, in a progressive college she is not shut off from "the world" and its problems to the extent that a convent girl is. Quite the reverse; she is given immense freedom outside of her academic schedule, more freedom usually than she has ever before had in her life. This freedom sometimes proves to be more than she is able to cope with.

In short, the girl student at a progressive college is treated part of the time as more of an adult, part of the time as more of a child, than she actually is. The girls who best profit by such a system are probably those who have been educated previously at an ordinary co-educational high school. Those from the straitlaced boarding schools of the East have a rougher passage altogether, but for economic reasons they are usually in the majority. Progressive education costs money; it requires a higher ratio of faculty to students than any other type of education; only girls from a certain social background can afford to pay the full fees.

One of the reasons why most progressive colleges are for girls only is an economic one. Fathers who can afford to pay the full fees prefer to send their sons to Harvard, Yale or Princeton; they feel they can take more of a risk with their daughters' education, since the girls probably won't have to earn their living anyway. Hence progressive education has never had an entirely fair test. All progressive educators believe that their system is the poorer for it. Boys, and especially boys from the lower income brackets, would better appreciate, and make better use of, the advantages that progressive education has to offer, than those who get them now.

*

Perhaps I have overemphasized the risks attendant on progressive education where it is confined to girls alone. Let me make it quite clear that I am in favor of progressive education. I believe that many of the risks would be eliminated in a progressive college which was co-educational and open to all suitable candidates, regardless of income. I base my belief not only on my experience at Bennington, but on what I have since seen of the student body at Columbia and CCNY. The inclusion in a Bennington class of some of the lads I am teaching at the two latter places would have an electrifying effect which could do nothing but good to all parties concerned.

As a matter of fact, most of the bigger institutions have by now adopted as many of the features of progressive education as they can afford, and would adopt more if they had more money. The best graduates of progressive colleges have —I believe—more awareness of their own capacities, and more confidence in them than the graduates of any other type of institution. Moreover, they are not narrow specialists. Their education will stand to them in quite unrelated fields. In mastering one type of knowledge or performance, they have learned how to master many; hence they have the adaptability and readiness to learn which are essential to anyone in an executive position. America can never have too many citizens of this type; she will never get *enough* of them until she is prepared to pay the price. Greater federal subsidies to education—which will inevitably mean higher taxation—are the price. In these days of inflation, no other expenditure can offer such value for the money spent.

# Communications

## DOCTOR JUNG

Pawtucket, R. I.

TO the Editors: It would be unfortunate if the last word on the question of Dr. Jung and the Nazis, as discussed in THE COMMONWEAL recently, were to leave Dr. Jung under suspicion of Nazism, especially if there is no closed case against him. Waldemar Gurian's communication of September 3 leaves this impression.

Professor Gurian presents three "facts" to substantiate what Father White terms a "canard." But, facts can mean little or nothing unless they are interpreted and kept in their context. These facts which Professor Gurian draws from Roepke's "Solution of the German Problem" are really too bare and unexplained to prove very much.

Take Dr. Jung's acceptance of the chairmanship of the German Association of Psychotherapy in 1933. Who knew with certitude then what the National Socialist Movement was, or still more, what it would become? Dr. Carrel was deceived at a much later date; and many statesmen and churchmen of high integrity were taken in then and even later. Conversation with a German Protestant pastor in 1935, here in the United States to attend a youth convention convinced me that, despite the incongruity, a pious and sincere man could somehow or other espouse the National Socialist cause. Even in the War Trials out-and-out adherence to Nazism in 1933 was insufficient grounds to convict. Suppose one were to proscribe all who in any way sympathized or cooperated with the Communist cause before 1946.

Dr. Jung's stand on the matter is well known now. It is so firm and consistent with the rest of his doctrines that the 1933 situation falls into meaninglessness. Dr. Jung in an interview in 1945, reprinted in the *Seventh Army Newsletter,* said: "Now that the angel of history has deserted the Germans, the Devil will seek a new victim and it will not be hard for him to find one. Every man who looses his shadow, every nation which falls into the pit of self-righteousness, lays himself open to this Devil. We love the criminal and have a burning sympathy for him because the Devil allows us, while observing the mote in our fellowman's eye, to forget the beam in

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our own, and thus he can outwit us. The Germans will recover when they recognize and accept their guilt. The others, however, will fall victim to the same possession if, in their horror of the German guilt, they forget their own moral insufficiency. Let us not forget, that among the victorious nations exactly the same collective tendencies exist as among the Germans, and they might with equal suddenness fall prey to the demons."

Dr. Jung's distinction between "a German and a Jewish psychology" poses a more difficult problem, but it too must be seen in context. Jung has in other places made the distinction between Jewish and non-Jewish psychologies. He sincerely believes that a man's Judaism in an anti-Semitic world has a negative effect on his unconscious self. To Jewish psychology he reduces orthodox Freudianism, as propounded by Freud, Stakel, Abraham, Sachs, etc., and on the other hand the Individual Psychology of Adler. These were all Jews and also his principal rivals in the field. Thus, at worst Jung's thesis can be ascribed to what is commonly called "professional jealousy," or at best possibly an empirical fact. Actually Jung is a Swiss and could speak objectively on the German-Jewish question. These are his words as reported by H. W. Puner in "Freud, His Life and Mind": " . . . The Aryan unconscious has a higher potential than the Jewish, and this is the advantage and disadvantage of *a young people close to the barbarian* (italics mine). The Jewish psychology cannot understand this and considers it nonsensical. I warned the world of this and *have been called an anti-Semite. Freud has been responsible for this. . . .* "

Jung has always complained that believing Christians have accepted the psychologies of Freud and Adler, which are both instinctually conceived, in preference to his own "Analytical Psychology," which gives full stature to the religious and cultural forces in the human psyche. This seems to be an oversight on our part. In this light the work of Fathers White, Witcutt, and others are encouraging and should receive commendation rather than criticism. E. H. F.

## TANGLEWOOD

Stowe, Vt.

TO the Editor: I enjoyed the little boomerang which "C.G.P." tied to my article. At least I thought the point very well taken that I have no "right to omniscience" about the home life of the Grecos. I still suspect, though, that this estimable, cross-section family "do *not* spend all their time" listening to Vaughan Williams on the radio. Only a very boring statistical poll would ever vindicate either my opinion or C.G.P.'s about the "average New York family" personified by the Grecos, and I claim only to have used plain garden variety deduction.

Please tell C.G.P. that I was not "*led* by *all*iteration" alone to concern myself with music "worshippers," who, he would have it, "exist mainly in speeches and program notes." They are all over the place. Just this evening, without even trying, I found three. The first sat next to me at dinner, a guest whose opening gambit was, "You know, I just couldn't *live* without my music." Perhaps. The second appeared on the very first page of an old (1946) issue of *Musical America*. There, in a press review, I read, "Bernard Shaw in the days when he was a music critic said that Mozart gave Sarastro the only music that would not sound out of place in the mouth of God. Suffice it to say that Robeson's tones were actually God-like." Faintly blasphemous? Listen to the English critic, Wilfred Mellers: "Music is something which would happen whenever people feel a need to speak through sound, to thank God they're on earth or to curse Him for what they're suffering." The third "worshipper" I encountered after dipping for about thirty seconds in a slightly newer (February, 1947) issue of *Musical Digest,* which contained an interview with the eminent Hungarian composer, Zoltan Kodaly: "My readers assume, I believe, as I do, that life without music is incomplete and not worth living." Continuing, he says, "Perhaps the highest peaks of art are never understood except by a few. . . . It is not enough if the average man looking from afar to the Himalayas has a vague sense of worship and sublimity?"

C.G.P. is absolutely right, however, in reminding your readers that Koussevitzky has rendered yeoman service to young composers, especially American ones. This fact is so well known that it never occurred to me to advert to it in print. And if I did not mention his school at Tanglewood it was because an analysis of the conditions which prevail there, or in any other similar institution, would take more time than either C.G.P. or readers of THE COMMONWEAL would likely care to devote to the subject. It would also take a more intimate knowledge of the workings of the school than any member of the public can get by crowding his way into the little barn-like structure where its concerts are held. The students play extremely well, certainly; and I am 100 percent in agreement with C.G.P.'s championship of active participation in music by learning how to handle an instrument as well as these young people do. But without wishing to keep a teapot tempest brewing too long, I will say that I *wonder* how much this type of training leads to besides glamor, publicity, and further inactive participation on the part of new audiences who will listen to these students when they are "graduated."

I did make an inquiry of a "top" (i.e., very gifted and very expensive) teacher and musician who, although not on the faculty at Tanglewood, has other distinctions and is at the same time well disposed to the school at Lenox. My first question: "What is the chief thought, in your opinion, that moves musicians to seek and follow a public career?" The answer: "Personal vanity." My second question: "Is there no other motive?" Long pause. Reflection. Then: "Yes, money."

I do not vouch for the "omniscience" of these replies. Neither do I deny that "the laborer is worthy of his hire," especially in the arts. I merely record the exchange as a symptom of spiritual disease widespread in the modern musical world. Maggie Teyte, without any spiritual axes to grind, complains simply that "the 'get rich' policy of youth and its sponsors prevents the proper development of the voices."

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Nevertheless, Maritain is right, I sincerely hope, when, in his charity, he says to Cocteau, "However showy it may be, the artist's vanity usually remains childish, and does not reach to that height of sin (pride of spirit)." Heaven knows, we must not judge, though Mortimer Adler says in a somewhat different context that "men are much less able than Maritain here acknowledges."

One more thing: "Musicians need not be philosophers," I concede, but I think THE COMMONWEAL will agree that they should know where music fits into life, and how to utilize words logically, whether for writing "speeches and program notes," or less formally molding the mind and character of youth. As to the "worship" business, I hope that C.G.P. sees the situation as it is, and not as long thought and considerable experience have induced me to claim that it is. As *Readers Digest* said in commenting on the "young idolators" (their phrase) who used to stand, smash, push, pull and faint in their efforts to listen to "The Voice" Sinatra, "It is something to think about." FRANCIS J. BURKLEY

## UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES

Utica, N. Y.

TO the Editors: In your issue of August 13, in a discussion of the activities of the Congressional Un-American Activities Committee, the comment is made that "in order to bring people who have broken laws about espionage and treason into the court houses, there are the army and navy counter-intelligence services, the FBI, the state and city police," each agency having means of its own "by which to discover crimes against the nation." The editorial then continues, in part, as follows:

> That is the orderly process of crime and punishment in this and in other civilized countries. The soap opera at present being conducted by the Congressional Un-American Activities Committees in Washington is supposedly part of this process. The theory is that the citizens who appear before the Committee, are carrying out their duty to inform the senators, so that the senators may inform the police, so that the police may arrest the criminals, and bring them to the court house so that they may be judged and freed or sent to jail.

Is the writer of the editorial quite certain that he has correctly stated the purpose of the investigation, now being conducted by the Congressional Un-American Activities Committee, which he belittles? Its purpose is not to discover crime or to punish criminals. Its purpose, rather, is to ascertain to what extent Communists have permeated our Government. With that information at hand, the Congress can the more intelligently determine whether any legislation is required, and if so, the pattern which the legislation shall follow.

If Alger Hiss was a Communist, or a Communist sympathizer, when he held high place in the Department of Agriculture and the Department of State—or, for that matter, Pressman, or Kramer, or Silvermaster, or Smith, or any one of a number of others, when holding high official position in Washington—he was not guilty of a crime, and the fact would not be of interest to the police or to a grand jury. It is a fact, however, which might well be of interest to the Congress. Also, in this time when we are about to have an election which will determine our national policy for the next four years, it is information peculiarly of a kind to which our people are entitled.

Legislative investigations as an aid in the legislative process, conducted through the medium of legislative committees, do not mark any new departure in governmental administration.

WARWICK J. KERNAN

## THE SKY LINE

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: I was much interested in the article "Man Against the Skyline," by Charles Fuller, in the August 20 issue of THE COMMONWEAL. I am glad you published it, because it is important that thoughtful comment on city planning matters should reach a wider reading public than the technical journals in which such articles are more common.

I found only minor items of disagreement with Mr. Fuller, which is high praise coming from another member of the planning fraternity. And the principal point at which I would take issue with him is the implication contained in his numbered paragraph #1 at the end of page 444. As a loyal resident of the Greenwich Village community I resent the innuendo that our citizens can be typed by superficial observations of the floating population which is comprised of persons from other parts of town and out of town who have the characteristics Mr. Fuller lists. Comprising perhaps an infinitesimal percentage of our population, these people nevertheless cause more nuisance and notoriety than they deserve, and make the more difficult the efforts of those of us who know that Greenwich Village consists of about 100,000 people who live and work here. This is no mean city in itself, and perhaps the most promising community in the metropolitan conurbation in which to begin thinking and planning for better ways or urban living.

But this is a difference of local pride rather than of intellectual principle. ROBERT C. WEINBERG.

## MORE ADDRESSES

Two more religious houses needing food parcels:

Frau Obein Betty Jonas
Burgstrasse 44
*Aachen*, British Zone, Germany

St. Anna Kloster
*Düsseldorf* (Eulnerstrasse)
British Zone, Germany

Soeur M. Madeleine de St. Joseph, prioress of the Carmel of Nantes, 90 rue de Condray, Nantes (Loire-inférieure) France, writes of great need of milk and sugar for their sick ones and begs funds (which may be sent through any American bank) for repairing a caved-in roof.

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# CATHOLIC INTERNATIONAL NEWS

### *Chilean Catholics Start Crusade for Housing*

Santiago de Chile, 9/10 (CIP)—A "People's Crusade" for the solution of "the gravest social problem of the hour," the lack of decent homes for about 400,000 families, especially workers' families, has been started in Chile by the Catholic Action organizations and their principal spokesman, Auxiliary Bishop Augusto Salinas Fuenzalida.

A fifth of the population of Chile is ill-housed, Bishop Salinas declared. According to the best estimates, 400,000 new homes are urgently needed at this time. With the growing population, there is an additional need of about 10,000 homes a year. Under present circumstances, the Bishop stated, those families who need a home most are unable to acquire one because they cannot meet the conditions for normal loans and mortgages. These people, he insisted, must be aided both by the Government and by private organizations. It is impossible to solve the problem at once since 30 billion pesos would be required to do so, the Bishop explained, but according to prudent estimates, the expenditure of 200 million pesos a year over a maximum period of 20 years could solve the problem. The first need is for building lots to be assigned to the workers' families, Bishop Salinas said. If they have a piece of land, some workers will be able to build their own homes, with the advice and financial assistance of building cooperative and other organizations.

The Catholic Action organization of Chile has established a Committee on Workers' Homes which has adopted the following four-point program:

(1) Existing legislation should be revised and developed in order to enable the Credit Institution for People's Housing (Caja de la Habitacion Popular) to carry out its activities on a larger scale and with greater efficiency. New legislation should include provisions for participation of the municipal authorities of cities and towns in the financial and organizational needs.

(2) A thorough solution of the problem should be initiated by the assignment of building lots to the workers, who would become owners of the land and could undertake to build their own homes with proper advice and help.

(3) Building cooperatives, similar to those which have obtained excellent results in other countries, should be organized to help finance the building of homes.

(4) A special organization should be set up to enable private individuals to contribute land and funds.

### *Arab Archbishop of Transjordan Dies*

New York, 9/9 (CIP)—The sudden death, at Jerusalem, of the Melkhite Catholic Archbishop of Transjordan, the Most Reverend Paul Salman, has drawn attention to the Arab Catholics, some of them Beduins, in Transjordan, whose leader and spokesman he had been for 15 years.

The Archbishop had come to Jerusalem during the first truce arranged by the United Nations Mediator, Count Folke Bernadotte. He was very active in relief work for the victims of the Palestine war. During the siege of Jerusalem, he acted as a liason agent between the Jerusalem Christians and the outside world.

In Transjordan, Archbishop Salman was indegatigable in his efforts for the Arab refugees from Palestine. His own residence at Amman and all the buildings belonging to his Archdiocese were transformed into shelters and relief centers for refugees.

Transjordan numbers about 365,000 Moslems, 22,000 (Greek) Rite, 6,000 to the Latin Rite. The Latin Rite the Catholics, approximately 6,500 belong to the Melkhite (Greek) Rite, 6,000 to the Latin Rite. The Latin Rite Catholics, including a high percentage of foreigners, are under the Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem. The Melkhite Catholics and their clergy are all Arabs. Almost all of them were formerly Greek Orthodox and joined the Catholic Church between 1905 and 1945. They have now 28 mission centers, in each one of the country's towns (Amman, Salt, Karak, and Madaba), as well as in villages and in the semi-permanent camps of the nomadic Beduins. There are 20 priests in the Archdiocese.

Archbishop Salman was extrordinarily popular in Transjordan, in Moslem as well as Christian circles. Being the only member of the Catholic Hierarchy residing in the country, he was generally considered as the spokesman of the Catholic Church, even for matters not concerning the Melkhite Archdiocese, of which he was the head. King Abdallah of Transjordan held him in great esteem and often called him his friend. It is widely believed that the fair treatment which the Christian minority has been enjoying in Transjordan in recent years was largely due to the friendly relations between the King and Archbishop Salman.

### *Prague Becomes Orthodox Metropolitan See*

Prague, 9/11 (CIP)—By raising the Orthodox Archdiocese of Prague to the rank of a Metropolitan See (July 25) and by appointing the Exarch of the Russian Orthodox Church in Czechoslovakia, *Archbishop Eleutherios,* as the first Metropolitan of Prague and Bohemia, *Patriarch Alexei* of Moscow has emphasized the importance which he attributes to the Orthodox in Czechoslovakia for the penetration of Russian Orthodox influence outside Russia. From the numerical point of view, the Czechoslovak Orthodox Church amounts to very little. Of the 145,598 Orthodox counted in the last pre-war census, more than three-fourths lived in the Province of Carpatho-Russia, which was annexed by the Soviet Union in 1945. The few Orthodox now remaining in the Czechoslovak Republic consist of three groups: (1) some Czechs who broke with the Czechoslovak National Church (started by apostate Catholics in 1920, on the basis of Hussite traditions) because they considered it as too Protestant or "liberal"; (2) a number of people from Carpatho-Russia who moved to Western Czechoslovakia when their home country was under Czechoslovak rule; (3) Russian and Ukrainian refugees who came to Czechoslovakia, especially Prague, after the Revolution of 1917.

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# The Stage & Screen

### *Sundown Beach*

IT IS DIFFICULT to understand why the ingeniously promoted Actors Studio—headed by Elia Kazan and Cheryl Crawford—should have chosen Bessie Breuer's play in the first place. The thing is quite aptly termed an "emotional vaudeville" by my honored colleague, Richard Watts, and I may warn Mr. Watts that his epithet is to be henceforth openly inserted in the critical vocabulary of this column. It describes perfectly the kind of episodic pudding which Miss Breuer is serving us, in common with several other struggling Smiths (Mr. Maxwell Anderson with the fatal "Truckline Cafe" being, as Mr. Watts points out foremost among them). Miss Breuer's scene is another cafe on an island off the Gulf Coast of Florida during the last months of the last war—an island which houses a hospital for the mentally ill of the Air Force. Here we meet the cynical rebellious Captain, finally saved by the Wac, who turns her career toward marriage; the Boy-Man who chases down an extra mother; the wife who can't take her badly jangled Bomber-Pilot's dreams; the little Southern woman with somebody's baby, who retrieves her man with chitlins; and finally, of course, we have God—or better, a round rolling rumor of the Almighty delivered by a petrified Major, who suffers a little more volubly, a little more lengthily than the rest. It's all pretty silly. And the funny thing is, I think there is stuff for a possible play in what I suppose to be the author's theme. Miss Breuer puts into the mouth of her Major exactly what everyone in the house has known from the first curtain: that these sick are not simply war-sick, but rather the war-discovered ill. There is a play, it seems to me, in how our civilization sustains its maimed, and how universal catastrophe suspends them. I rather imagine such a play must necessarily spring as much from the "deserts of Bohemia" as from the deserts of Freud; and certainly from such sources as the *Hobo News,* plus all random Clown stuff. But indeed there is no historical reason to suspect this author of suspecting this.

And I must append that there is no historical reason to suspect the movers behind this "Studio" of commandeering or wishing to commandeer *a play*. Their deal seems to be the old Group Theatre one: an enormous amount of exhausting theory; a number of young interpretive talents; and a great big director, who can make anything. Strangely enough, the one thing a director can't make is just that: a play. He can work it, stage it, suggest its improvement, cast it, and picture it. But he can't *make* it, and when he tries to do this with a real play (see the current T. Williams), he can only damage it: page Mr. Kazan.

As an actor's exercise, as an exercise to display the talents of Warren Stevens (excellent); Julie Harris (excellent); Phyllis Thaxter (Hepburn but nice); and a good number of other hopefuls, I should say the piece has an authentic purpose in the way of a side-street production available to interested and professional people. Otherwise, no tickets. And no serious time. (*at the Belasco*)

### *Showboat*

CAROL BRUCE is still holding forth in the Kern classic now revived in the Rodgers-Hammerstein production at the City Center. I am always more interested in other facets of the Center's program than in these large, rather faded repetitions from the big street. But the lovely tunes are all there, and this is, I suppose, the current best of musical Americans. (*at the City Center*)

KAPPO PHELAN.

## Gold Is Where You Find It

THERE's a pleasant surprise in store for you in *"The Luck of the Irish."* You might expect this title to be attached to another of those technicolored-green musicals full of shamrocks and stale vaudeville jokes; but this screenplay, written by Philip Dunne from Guy and Constance Jones' novel "There Was a Little Man," is no such thing. It is a perfectly delightful whimsy that will remind you more of that stage hit "Brigadoon" than anything else. However "The Luck of the Irish" is really original in its own way. It tells the story of a writer (Tyrone Power) who is driving through Ireland with a companion (James Todd); he gets lost, is given directions by an old codger besides a waterfall, and when he gets to the inn he is told that there is no waterfall at that place and anyway there couldn't possibly have been a man near it. It turns out later that this really wasn't a man—but a leprechaun, and as the film rolls on its merry way you realize that Cecil Kellaway is giving one of the most charming and genuinely likable performances ever to be seen in a movie. And the story itself is very pleasing. Tyrone returns to United States, gets a job as publicity man for a politician, and is eventually stopped from selling his soul for filthy lucre by the leprechaun who followed him and has been acting as his valet. Under Henry Koster's good direction the cast respond beautifully to the requirements of this tale that mixes fun, fancy and reality in intelligent doses. I particularly liked Anne Baxter as an Irish lass (who has a brogue but doesn't sound like an amateur in "The Playboy") and Jayne Meadows who plays Tyrone's New York fiancee who finally realizes she cannot compete with real Irish loveliness. It is of course Cecil Kellaway who steals the picture, and if you liked Edmund Gwenn in "Miracle on 34th Street" you're going to love this sly and darlin' Cecil. And you'll probably like the whole picture if you feel like Tyrone about Ireland: "Is everybody in this country balmy?"

*"For the Love of Mary"* starts out so well that you expect another of those giddy comedies about the turmoil in Washington. Mary, played by Deanna Durbin, has just finished two years as a switchboard girl in the Supreme Court; now she's taking on the same job at the White House. So far so good, and so funny—especially when Mr. President himself (by phone only) gets interested in Mary's romances involving three very eligible

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young men: Edmond O'Brien, Don Taylor and Jeffry Lynn. But the makers of this film must have fallen in love with their own jokes; they get so involved in their own humor and in comedy situations with practically all the biggies in Washington that the movie finally cannot be unraveled. You're sure to get a few laughs out of this, however; and the performances are kept consistently on the light and amusing side.

The same cannot be said about *"Good Sam,"* which was meant to be a gentle reminder that the Golden Rule is very good as long as one follows a golden mean. But Sam thinks he's his brother's keeper and the whole human race are his brothers. He lends his car, his money and anything else that his neighbors and even acquaintances can use; until finally his wife rebels. Now, perhaps a good movie could be made of this, but Producer-director Leo McCarey let his subject run away with him. He gives us sequence after sequence showing Sam as a fool as well as a good and imposed-upon Samaritan. Until finally we rebel too and cannot stand one more example of patient and suffering Sam giving away something. In the lead role, Gary Cooper doesn't help the situation much; he turns on his old coy boy-scout technique and only succeeds in making us think that Sam should be left alone, very much alone, and allowed to go through life distributing his goods. As Sam's wife, Ann Sheridan suffers with about as much fortitude as any such good woman could work up. And the supporting cast feed the lines and jokes to Cooper according to McCarey's direction. In short, "Good Sam" is very long and not very good.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

# Books

*Of Flight and Life. Charles A. Lindbergh. Scribner.* $1.50.

THIS BOOK is the story of a man's passage from faith in the unlimited power and benefit of science to a belief in the necessity of some transcending value which can shape the ends of that science.

From his great wealth of experience Mr. Lindbergh relates three occasions which brought home to him the futility of our everyday measurements. The first was his testing of the engine of a Thunderbolt fighter at 40,000 feet over Willow Run; the second was his return from a bombing mission over Babelthuap in the South Pacific; and the third was his revisit to Germany in 1945, where he saw the ruined cities of a nation which had cultivated science so brilliantly and with such tragic result. The lesson, which he urges with an earnestness that should leave no reader unstirred, is that science without some moral supervision is fatal, and that our nation is proceeding in dangerous disregard of this truth. "As the fallen walls of Coventry should have warned Germany of the fate of her own cities, the devastation of Hiroshima and Nagasaki should be a warning to America. Our atomic bombs return to haunt us, and in our science we foresee our doom."

Mr. Lindbergh writes that it took him many years to discover that science, for all its dazzling results, "lights only a middle chapter of creation." The author calls for a more balanced and humane kind of living, for a rediscovery of the values of simplicity, of solitude, of meditation, for a dedication to what he terms, in a singularly happy phrase, "the quality of life," and finally for a recognition of spiritual reality.

It is highly significant that the two Americans of our day who are preeminent for encompassing both action and thought, Charles Lindbergh and Douglas MacArthur, have declared that there is no answer to our problem short of a theological orientation.

This is a wise book, for which one can confidently predict a frigid reception. Probably no public figure in our recent history has suffered more from political malevolence than Mr. Lindbergh, and the extent to which books today are prejudged according to the politics of the reviewer is a near scandal. That his message is sober, thoughtful, and well directed no one can deny; and it seems to me that a man who has worked in close relation with the terrific pressures generated by our technology has something special to say to this age. People today are little disposed to listen to preachers; they are not much more disposed to listen to politicians; will they listen to one who has been in the heart of the whirlwind? If they will not listen to anybody, they are lost.

RICHARD M. WEAVER.

*Toward the Morning. Hervey Allen. Rinehart.* $3.00.

THERE HAS been a persistently intruding question in my mind as to the ultimate success of historical novels; success, that is, in the rightness of historical instinct. American history has been bundled and spread-eagled all over the place in a generally flamboyant manner. Mostly it has served as a picturesque clothes-horse for a tale of bludgeoning romance. History has, in nearly every instance, suffered monstrous indignities at the hands of many best-selling novelists. It has been made self-conscious, not a little hysterical and exhaustingly robust. I cannot believe that our forebears were *all* Jesse Jameses, Bluebeards, Casanovas and Paul Bunyans, and their feminine counterparts.

Hervey Allen has presented us with "Toward the Morning," the third in a series of five novels which have cut a wide swath of Pre-Revolutionary history. In his latest book we meet Salathiel Albine and, to all intents and purposes, his wife, Frances Melissa, en route to Carlisle, Pa. We pick them up in their covered wagon, November, 1764, between Fort Bedford and Fort Lyttleton. To name all the characters in "Toward the Morning" would not be possible here, but some of the most colorful types are: Bridget, a seven-year-old, whose family has been killed by Indians; Hercules, the Negro slave chef from Martinique; "Whuzz-Bang Wully" Grant, a flaming Scots officer filled with an insatiable love of fireworks; General Henry Bouquet who rides gallantly into Carlisle; David ap Poer, an old Welsh scamp, who loses a hand when trying to take money from Salathiel's caravan; a grim and dispiriting Presbyterian parson, Craighead, who has wig trouble along with his battle for lost souls. The canvas is very big.

The tale Mr. Allen tells is, in essence, extremely simple —just the Albines' ride to Carlisle and how they were received en route. It gives the author a mighty chance to create quaint characters and display real hunks of history (several footnotes attest to *that*). There are toothsome descriptions of food and drink, fire-lit family scenes,

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squirming street scenes, bucolic get-togethers. Salathiel doesn't seem to have any enemies in all this vast welter; Frances, despite her mystical Irish lapses, is adored by all. Everyone enjoys life to the full, frequent Indian scalpings notwithstanding.

Mr. Allen spins his tale with deftness and gusto, but his writing is freighted with much lush description: "The magic medley of the play of sunlight on the clouds and silent hills, the massive chords which the glittering fingers of the sun struck from the taut harp-strings of the mountains. . . ." The author should save such lines for a volume of poetry.

For all his robustious mise-en-scènes, his delvings into personalities and events, Mr. Allen has undershot his mark. He knows his American history, but he does not appear to understand its human implications. Facile, highly-colored writing, and numerous characters boisterously portrayed are no substitutes for a genuine historical instinct. Telling of a bloody massacre must give more of motive and less of motion to be truly convincing. "Toward the Morning" is full of motion, as self-conscious and contrived as a Wild West movie.

Perhaps there should be a ban on historical novels until novelists learn *what* history is and *how* it works. To be sure, it often sells an indifferently written book, but many other lodes are tapped for that purpose with far less damage. History needs to be restored to its original dignity and inevitability.

I wonder if Hervey Allen has ever read these wise remarks of the late John Buchan, in his pertinent essay, *The Causal and the Casual in History*:

> The past if it is to satisfy intelligent minds, must be presented as a sequence of effects and causes. History is not content with an accumulation of fact; it seeks to establish relations between facts. Like every other science, it is a form of thought, and, like every other science, it aims at the attainment of truth. The past cannot be regarded as a mere pageant. Events do not follow each other only in succession of time. Even from the point of view of art, history must have its own inevitableness; and, from the point of view of science, it must aim at representing the whole complex of the past as a chain, each link riveted to the other by a causal necessity.

ELIZABETH JOHNSON.

*Lace Curtain. Ellin Berlin. Doubleday.* $3.00.

THE theme of Mrs. Berlin's best seller is mixed marriage. Her novel falls therefore into the group which deal with intercultural relations in modern democratic society. If for some the solution to these problems lies in watering down differences, ultimately in indifference; others, seeing every issue as insurmountable, have no solution beyond the perpetuation of strictly separate groups. Yet the impossibility of isolation in an increasingly integrated society leads certain individuals into an effort to build a bridge or bridges, based on cooperation and mutual respect at least, between fundamentally different points of view.

In this effort lies the material for a good novel (perhaps some day a great novel) and this is the material Mrs. Berlin uses. The leading characters in her story come from fairly watertight compartments: Jamie Stair from substantial and respectable Protestant stock, portrayed at their worst as smug and patronizing, surrounded by heirlooms and under the shadow of a "Signer"—a stuffy milieu indeed to produce as decent a fellow as Jamie; Veronica Reardon from the "lace curtain Irish," more sympathetically and fully portrayed as steady and loyal if not always exemplary Catholics, clannish and on the defensive, happy at home, yet willing to climb socially. This is mixed marriage with a vengeance but Jamie and Veronica are confident that they can make a go of it.

Unfortunately the bridge they seek to build is not based on integrity. They sign the promises necessary for a dispensation with a secret agreement that the sons will be Protestants, a solution which Veronica persuades Jamie to accept, though it is inconsistent with his character, and though they both know it is wrong. I wonder whether the mental reservation involved here might not invalidate the marriage. It is the failure of integrity in the foundation of this marriage which threatens its stability in the years following the birth of a son.

Mrs. Berlin, portrays this in a light social setting, gay parties, lovely clothes and presents, a pleasant round of activity leading to one or another pretty wedding. Marriage being the theme of this book there are plenty of them, based by and large on romantic love alone, with little community of interests or intellectual aims to give stability in rough weather or hard times. Intergroup tensions at times break through this superficial pattern; anti-Catholicism, anti-Semitism, hoodlums or Christian Fronters all appear. It is fairly apparent that Mrs. Berlin is describing a type of society which she has witnessed; and in this case her familiarity and fluency work against her, so overcrowding and cluttering her story that the abler aspects of her writing suffer. Fortunately they are not completely submerged. Her sensitive awareness of how people feel is very evident; for example, the loneliness of the "stranger within the gates," or Veronica's delight in Pride's Tower, the Reardon's Long Island estate, and the sense of security it gives her. While Mrs. Berlin's transitions from the spoken words to the thought behind them are not always smooth or obvious, this technique enriches and gives depth to her story. There are some sound evaluations of character; some nice glimpses of the Long Island countryside and the beauty of the seasons. There are reverent, at times really beautiful, descriptions of religious life and practice, which run all through the book.

If all Mrs. Berlin wished to do was to write a story of contemporary conflicts, criticism matters little and popularity statistics indicate that she has succeeded. If, as one may well suspect, her book has deeper implications and contains a plea for intergroup tolerance and understanding, one can well wish that her major theme had exacted her full talents and been developed in greater detail against a more disciplined background, with fuller attention given to the basic flaws in Veronica's and Jamie's relationship. For what marriage, mixed or within the fold can succeed, what bridges be built between different cultures—bridges leading towards Micheas's prophecy which Mrs. Berlin quotes, when "every man shall sit under his vine and under his fig tree and there shall be none to make them afraid"—without charity and integrity?

FRANCES S. CHILDS

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*The Parish and the Hill. Mary Doyle Curran. Houghton.* $3.00.

IT'S a hundred years now that the Irish have been in America. They came as fugitives at the time of the Great Starvation—beginning in 1846; culminating in 1848. There had been a few of them before that, of course, but when "the Hunger" struck they came in droves. They poured into the mill towns and the factory towns, and for a generation or so, in a thousand little Irish communities all over the East, they clove to one another. They brought their religion with them, and they built churches. They bred great families, and some of their families have prospered and some have not.

But they began equal; or as nearly equal as the laws of nature allow. They were equally poor, they all came out of the same school, and they were roughly all of a piece as they knelt before the communion rail at Holy Mass. They had learned their religion by accepting it from birth. They had learned it as a farm boy learns botany, without realizing there was anything to learn; above all, without tearing it away from the rest of life. And, when all is said, they came here possessed of a culture and refinement unmatched among the farmers of America—the only class we have any right to compare them with. Through listening they had developed great memories; and among them were many rich and noble minds. Well known was their gift for "the beautiful speaking."

With only a handful of exceptions,, they could neither read nor write; but they came here equipped with something greater than most of their descendants can boast of today. They came rich with the spiritual and intellectual resources of an ancient oral tradition. They were peasants, and they were the products of a peasant culture, a folk civilization, which at its lowest was still very fine and at its highest was a thing—or at least had been a thing—of rare and passionate beauty.

But, except in spots and patches, their children never fell heir to this. Their children went to the American schools and learned to read and write; and their children fell victim to the modernist heresy that without the printing press there can be no genuine wisdom, nor any greatness of intellect, nor any loftiness of thought, nor any beauty of the imagination.

The children got as far, perhaps, as the third reader, and already there was a veil between them and their parents; and, after that, all the circumstances of American life combined to make things worse. In a world that was hostile to it, the parents were unable to pass on the substance of their culture. And, whatever else they may have gained, the children lost contact with a living past. Notably, they lost the oral habit of mind; and, sensing a cleavage from their parents that went to the root of things, they became in too many instances quarrelsome, rebellious and unmanageable. The Irish family fight, which laughter could have dissolved in an Irish milieu, became in the American milieu too often a tragedy.

And this tale before us—a brilliant first novel by a member of the English department at Wellesley College—is the simple history of three generations of an Irish Catholic family in a mill town of Western Massachusetts. At the head of them all is John O'Sullivan, a Kerryman transplanted to the paper mills and crowded tenements of "the Irish parish." Descended from the kings he says he is; and by nature he is a king—so much so that the very mill he works in, as a hired laborer, is known throughout the parish as Johnny O'Sullivan's place. We meet him here as an old man, courageous, generous minded and loyal to his own past; one of the noblest figures I have ever met in American fiction.

Tragedy was no stranger to John O'Sullivan; and his enemy, the cause of his tribulations, the force that was forever dividing and corrupting his family, he identified as the Hill—the genteel section of the city, where the younger generations fled when they ceased being "shanty Irish" and became "lace-curtain Irish." John despised the lace-curtain Irish, who could always be counted on to throw the first stone whenever an Irishman fell upon disgrace. And John loathed the Hill, though he had to go and live there in the end. But what was the matter with the Hill, what really? In the very speech of the play, forthright Johnny O'Sullivan tells us: "What's the use of talking there when no one has the mind to comprehend you? If you meet a man on the street and stop him and tell him that through the window last night you saw a great procession pass and that he was among them, he would think you crazy, but if you tell that to Bridgie Flynn in the Parish, she would wash herself, put on her best, make a visit to the priest, say goodbye to her friends and go home and die. A dog howling on the Hill is only the howl of a dog—in the Parish it is an omen."

There are those, of course, who are going to take offense at this novel. Mrs. Curran has followed the current fashion of never intruding an opinion of her own, of simply setting forth the facts of the case and allowing the truth to emerge. It's the highest and best of all ways of writing a novel—or it would be if you could only guarantee the final picture it produces in any particular reader's mind. Joseph Conrad could give that guarantee, because Marlow, his favorite narrator, was forever adding to the facts his own or some other charter's judgment upon the facts—to that legitimate extent, Marlow was actually coloring the facts in favor of the correct interpretation the reader was to place upon them; indeed, he was controlling the reader's judgment. But Mary O'Connor, the narrator of Mrs. Curran's story, offers us no weighty opinions; and so the facts are, in the end, ambiguous.

Well, life itself has a way of being ambiguous, and the same set of facts can often prove a man guilty or, seen in a different light, innocent. For my part, I am deeply impressed by Mrs. Curran's knowledge of Irish and Irish-American history, and by a thousand minor indications of affection for the Irish character and the Irish turn of speech; this is a rather loving portrait of a particular Irish family at a particular time and place. And because the portrait is wrought in a singularly beautiful prose, I would like to nominate this novel as one of the best ever written by an Irish American.

DAVID MARSHALL.

*Our Threatened Values. Victor Gollancz. Regnery.* $2.50.

RUFUS JONES has written a pertinent introduction to the American edition of Victor Gollancz's wise little book, but perhaps the best foreword is the first sentence of the book, quoting Field Marshall Viscount Montgomery's speech, "The German food cuts have come to stay. We will keep them at 1,000 calories. They

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gave the inmates of Belsen only 800." These words certainly reveal, as Mr. Gollancz points out, the moral crisis with which Western civilization is faced.

Mr. Gollancz, to prove his points, sometimes, however, overstates his arguments. He quotes a Chassidic legend about the Passover, but has perhaps forgotten that on each day of that celebration wine is sprinkled to illustrate, in triumph, the shedding of Egyptian blood? It is tremendously creditable that a Jew should be able to feel so Christianly towards the Germans, and devoutly to be wished that *any* German from within Germany, either during the Hitler régime or since its collapse, should feel as contrite and guilty towards the Jews, as Mr. Gollancz feels every Englishman should towards the Germans.

ANNE FREMANTLE.

*Lush Valley. Patricia Campbell. Superior (Seattle, Wash.) $3.00.*

EVER since the day modern novelists came upon Freud, they have treated us to no end of insights into the foggy workings of human desires, motives and frustrations. And sometimes an overly dark probing has kept the reader in a frown of befuddlement; so now, as a relief, it may be pleasant for those readers to take up Patricia Campbell's "Lush Valley," in which an important psychological dilemma unfolds without a single recourse to clinical technique or terminology.

What Mrs. Campbell sets about is to tell us how Katti Hoeffer, a close-to-nature girl from Washington's Chimacum Valley, loses her personal sense of security and finds it again. Katti is an exceptionally simple and innocent girl, gifted with a lark-like voice and a fragile beauty of the kind that makes people say—as one of them in this book trippingly says—"She has a way, a manner, a look—who can say?" Deprived of a normal home-life, misunderstood at school, and unwittingly seduced at an early age, Katti drifts away from the Valley to become an entertainer in a less-than-respectable Port Townsend night club, in which, at some peril, she retains her virtue and her characteristic innocence. But the cards are pretty well stacked against Katti, who, under pressure and in a moment of weakness, takes up housekeeping, and later matrimony, with a man she afterwards accidentally kills. It is the murder trial for this deed which is the principal focus of the novel, and it is at this trial that Katti, finding out that mentally she's been running away from problems all her life, regains her balance.

While its is encouraging to know that Katti has the vitality of will to avoid that downward fate usually assigned to drifting women, she manages to escape only with Mrs. Campbell pulling for her all the way. But it's a quiet sympathy that the author has for Katti, who hardly comes to life sufficiently in her own right to be entirely credible or self-supporting.

"Lush Valley" is convincing evidence of Patricia Campbell's considerable talent for constructing an easily-moving story and she writes it unaffectedly and economically throughout. She is at her best in the early chapters devoted to Katti's childhood and life in the Valley; here it is plain enough that her heart is in her work, and there are moments when the effect is as nimble as the flight of a deer bounding into the underbrush. "Lush Valley" is not at all as phony as its title might set you to suspect.

EDWARD F. MEAGHER

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* writes John Fischer

*Our Gifted Son. Dorothy Baker. Houghton. $2.75.*

THE PROBLEMS and doubts which confront José Richter, a sensitive young Mexican, on his return home from study in the United States provide the framework for Helen Baker's latest novel.

Mrs. Baker set herself an ambitious task in attempting to present within the scope of one novel the many philosophical and personal difficulties which face José. The conflict of José's American outlook and his Mexican loyalties, his loneliness as an artist in a materialistic world are portrayed in turn, then dropped, and neither José, Mrs. Baker nor the reader reach a decision concerning the values in question. Instead, midway through the novel all interest shifts to the mystery of the death of José's mother. The theme ceases to be universal and becomes merely the story of the relationships of some rather abnormal and shadowy characters—the wealthy domineering father, the enigmatic Frances Anderson, José's former tutor, and his mother continuing in death to influence the destiny of her family.

The action of this novel is largely psychological. Through her description of the minutest details of José's thoughts the author has succeeded in conveying the impression of confusion and unhappiness. Yet José as a person becomes blurred in this profusion of detail and emerges more as a mental study than as a real human being. Moreover, this extensive use of the introspective method serves to slow the action to a point which is exasperating to the reader.

Despite slow tempo, structural defects, and unreal characterizations, Mrs. Baker has succeeded in creating a definite atmosphere. The sub-tropical town, the mys-

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terious family circle, and the wretched young man have a single eerie quality. This is by far the most memorable feature of "Our Gifted Son." CATHERINE ANN CLINE

*The Christian Churches of the East, Vol. II. Donald Attwater. Bruce.* $4.00.

THE prominence given to prelates of the Eastern separated churches in the recent World Council sessions at Amsterdam was a reminder that indifference to their fate is a betrayal of the Faith bequeathed to us by Christ Himself. Hence the urgent need of a clear and accurate exposition of the facts in their regard such as is offered by Mr. Attwater.

The second volume of "The Christian Churches of the East" is a sequel to the first volume, which dealt with Catholics of the Eastern Rite in communion with Rome.

Two earlier books of the author are combined and thoroughly revised under this two-volume title. The volumes are similar in their uniting an agreeable, popular exposition with technical exactness as to such matters as liturgy, Church government, historical background, leading personalities, spiritual and ascetic ideals, etc. Both are amply provided with selected photographic illustrations and a bibliography for each chapter.

There could be no better introduction to the second volume than its final chapter (XIII), entitled "Reunion of the East." The author reminds us:

> The divisions among Christians are an outrage of that unity and brotherly love which our Lord desires among all who profess to follow Him. It ought not to be necessary to emphasize this, but there is tendency among Catholics to slip into the way of regarding the division of Christendom into, roughly, Catholics, Orthodox, and Protestants as a normal state of affairs; from this it follows that we sometimes seem to regard non-Catholics as enemies to be kept at bay rather than as what they are, brethren to be reconciled.

As Father Maurice Bévenot, S.J., remarks on the matter of "Relations with Non-Catholics" in the *Month* for June, 1948:

> The old legislation envisaged *formal* heretics, people who should have known better and who knew perfectly well where they could be out right about the faith. Today it is recognized that most non-Catholic Christians are, more or less, in good faith; that technically they are mere "material" heretics, and from one cause and another are not aware that they are astray, or if they are aware of it think they see plenty of reason for taking *any* road rather than that leading to the Catholic Church.

The dissident churches of the East, remarks Mr. Attwater, "are all Churches that once were Catholic. At various dates they became definitively separated from the centre of unity either by schism or heresy; nevertheless, they all profess the Catholic Faith, in a greater or less degree, almost in its entirety"; their worship with but few minor differences is recognized as being of equal authenticity and dignity with that of Rome; and in general their orders and sacraments are valid.

The mistake made in the past by attempts at reunion, Mr. Attwater very pertinently points out, has consisted in leaving our *rapprochements* solely to the top levels.

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# Next Week

THE PSYCHIATRIST AT THE BAR, by Rudolf Allers, author of "The Psychology of Character," was inspired by Charles F. Fuller's recent article, "Man against the Skyline." In examining the connection between psychiatry and city planning, Dr. Allers makes a number of telling points. Here is an introduction to one: "Neighborhood has lost, in the cities, the significance it used to possess. The neighbor is just the man next door, but not the man with whom one is in touch. Telephone, subway, automobile have rendered communication so easy that neighborhood has lost almost all power to become a basis of human relations . . ."

CHRISTIAN DEMOCRACY IN FRANCE? by Claude Julien, one of the nine founders of the Mouvement Republicain Populaire (MRP) which for a time obtained a larger number of seats in the French Parliament than any other political party, examines the weaknesses of the French political system—so prominent at the moment—and the possibility of a "truly Christian democratic party's" functioning effectively there. What was there about the MRP which from the very outset so limited its political effectiveness? A truly inside story on the current French political crisis.


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All the fervent and learned ecclesiastics in the world can accomplish little unless they are supported by the great body of the Catholic faithful. Ordinarily, literal Catholics are fascinated by the knowledge contained in these two volumes, and they are surprised to find to how many riddles in the present complex political (as well as religious) situation, it offers a key. If you want to understand the modern American urban community you will need to know your way around with the origins, rites, terminology and distinctions among the separated and the united Eastern churches. And it is most salutary for all of us that we understand just how these Easterners conceive the problem of holiness and what bothers them in our way of doing.

When Soviet-reared Mrs. Kasenkina came back to life in Roosevelt Hospital after her escape from literal death and a still-worse living death, she had had placed near her bedside a little picture of the Madonna—whom all these Easterners love and venerate. Since the Theótokos forgets no single human being who even thinks of her in Christian faith or mentions her name, she will, I am sure, lend her high patronage to the success which I should like to see attend the fine work of Mr. Attwater.

JOHN LA FARGE.

*The New Men of Power. C. Wright Mills. Harcourt.* $3.50.

A CURIOUSLY elusive essay on the leaders of American labor who have arrived at national prominence in the past few years. It is analytical and descriptive only in the most general sense; Professor Mills does not go in for naming names. The results of opinion polls about labor leaders in general are plentifully sprinkled through the author's discussions, which are most interesting for the light they throw on the problem and likelihood of attaining industrial democracy in this country.

*Singing Rails. Herbert L. Pease. Crowell.* $3.00.

THIS nostalgic personal success story is aimed straight at the extensive group of Americans which is fascinated by railroading past and present. Mr. Pease began as a night operator in Atlanta, Ill., and eventually got to be Central Passenger Agent in Pittsburgh, Pa. The early days of his career were distinctly rugged—conditions on the job itself and the places in which he boarded. His career as a fledgling passenger agent was considerably less picturesque and abounds in the typical salesman's accounts of how he closed the deal. Both fields reflect colorful sidelights on earlier American railroading.

## CONTRITBUTORS

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